



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Daughter (to Major, who lives for hunting). "AUNTIE IS ALWAYS SO THOUGHTFUL. SHE WRITES, THAT REMEMBERING YOUR SPORTING TASTES, SHE IS SENDING YOU A RUG MADE OF—FOX-SKINS!"

AIDS FOR AUTHORS.

Being a few suggestions for intending novelists who are otherwise thoroughly equipped for the profession of letters, but happen not to have any initial ideas.)

III.—THE RE-AWAKENING OF JOSIAH HIGGINS.

An Idyll of Simple Somersetshire Life.

Old cottager, soured weather-beaten face; grand mistake of his life made when, twenty years previously, he drove his only daughter, the Belle of the Village, from the door.

Minute details of cottage kitchen, particularly those least likely to attract attention—strings of hanging onions, frayed rug, broken lace in old man's boot.

Sole object of old man's shrunk affections—his meerschaum pipe given to him in the fifties, around which cling all the last remnants of a tenderness never fully developed. The catastrophe—breaking of the meerschaum pipe. A broken heart refusing neighbours' comfort. The one object of love gone, dreary weeks, a smokeless room, tobacco-jar never replenished. Twilight evening, door ajar, old man sleeps. Faded woman steals to door, bursts into tears

at familiar sight of frayed rug. Old man wakes to find golden-haired child aged three holding out a halfpenny clay pipe in one hand and an ounce of Gold Flake tobacco in the other. Long-lost daughter follows. Reconciliation. Puffs of smoke.

N.B.—This story can be adapted to any county by varying the dialect. If Somerset is preferred, the author has only to write his f's as v's, and his s's as z's.

IV.—IN QUEST OF THE INFINITE.

*A Study on two Planes of Being.
(Esoteric Series.)*

ROMNEY VANDYKE, artist, prostrate with aggravated neuritis, brought on by three months' incessant toil on his picture "*A Vision of Vastness*," content to recognise that the Soul is All, the Body Nothing, and Pain non-existent. Feels henceforth that the sole duty of Man is to liberate the Ego from the chains of sense, and to send it forth enfranchised in quest of the Infinite.

Awkward situation with MARY BREWER, his betrothed. MARY, suffering with toothache, refuses to believe that there is no such thing as Pain, resents her lover's attempts to raise her to the

Higher Levels, and prefers to go to dentist. Soul of ROMNEY grieved. Further progress of ROMNEY in the realms of mysticism and further occasions of loss of temper on part of MARY. Engagement finally broken off on ground of incompatibility of temperaments. Marriage of MARY to man of strictly business habits. Departure of ROMNEY to the Temple of Wisdom in California for the Higher Consolation.

THE COMING K-RISTMAS.—"Bang goes" —the Cracker! and once more the name of TOM SMITH of The Smitheries is heard in the land. Again the boxes of crackers intended for all sorts, ages, and sizes, for children, bachelors, married people and spinsters, are opened in town and country houses where the ubiquitous TOM, owing to the thoroughly English name of SMITH, does his best to assist in keeping up the jollity of good old English Christmas, bringing Santa Claus with surprise stockings, all well filled, to help him. Old fashioned Christmas? so be it! "Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness!" So DICKENS in the past and, as we hope, for all time. Long life to King Christmas!

AN "EYE-OPENER" AT THE HAYMARKET.

SEDOM has the old lesson of "Look before you leap" been so dramatically, yet with so light and skilful a touch, enforced as it is in this play of Captain MARSHALL's, the moral of which is, "do not rush into matrimony blindly." Cupid is, proverbially, blind; but Cupid was never a marrying youth, nor did he ever give himself away, not even to Psyche, in marriage. It is true that there is another modern sporting and slangy application of the word "blind," and if the state of the hero of *The Unforeseen* (a hopelessly bad title, by the way) were intended to subtly represent the case of a dipsomaniac restored to his right mind, seeing single objects as they are, instead of singular things as they don't exist, even then the piece would be welcome as evidence of how deftly a clever playwright can treat the most unpleasant themes, and can turn unpromising materials to the very best of purposes.

Here is a gay, young, modern, moustachio'd and bearded anglican parson of "moderate views," that is of limited vision, fortunate enough to be a well-paid, prosperous, gentlemanly, kindly, country-gentlemanly vicar. For weak eyes he visits Paris, not for a "weak end," but to see a specialist. (The entire story is more or less a parable with a moral.) And, in Paris, while gazing from the window of an hotel, he is struck by the appearance of a remarkably elegant lady standing on a balcony with a young man, who, as he learns from his friend Capt. Richard Haynes, is a bachelor and a very gay dog. "What a sight for sore eyes!" The Rev. Walter Maxwell concludes that this is no place for him, and withdraws to wait in the hall for his friend. The Rev. Walter's diffidence somewhat recalls the manner of that eccentric little cleric, Mr. Robert Spalding, who lunched on "a ba-ath bun" in a waiting-room, and observed, "I don't like London." How funny the Rev. Robert would have been here, and what a pity he couldn't have arranged with Mr. PENLEY and Mr. CYRIL MAUDE to have been allowed to come to Paris in such excellent company as that at the Haymarket Theatre in this piece!

Act I. being over, "on we goes" to Act II. From Paris to Parish. *Venit, vidit*—and then, within three years, every one in his parish sees more and more of their vicar the Rev. Walter, while he, seeing less and less of them, falls blindly in love with the eldest daughter of a *General Fielding*, who is, presumably, the "squaron." This eldest daughter is the lady whom the Rev. Walter has seen in company with the gay dog aforesaid at the Parisian hotel, but whether as the Lothario's better half or worse half he hasn't inquired, until, his eyes being opened to facts in Act IV., the idea suddenly occurs to him that he has seen his wife's face before. Where? Why, of course, in Paris. Hotel, private apartments, loose fish! ahem! Then he puts one and one together, and asks her the question direct. She, foreseeing that whatever her answer may be he won't believe her, is silent.

Wanted, a *Deus ex machinā*! Here he is, *Captain Dick Haynes*, who, "having to the rank of Major General risen" ("keep up the Major General!") now steps out of his ambush in the garden and hands a letter to the Rev. Walter. This letter, which is a kind of "last dying speech and confession," has been written by *Henry Traquair*, with whom Miss Fielding had eloped, and who, on losing his money, refused to keep his promise to marry, preferring to blow out his brains after most carefully exonerating Miss Margaret from all blame, and explaining, in this communication to *Captain Dick*, that she had never for one moment been either his better or his worse half, but was all that the purest fancy could paint. Which letter satisfies the Reverend Walter. He is a parson and a lover, who in dumb show (poor man!) blind until the Fourth Act, and then at last

dumb!) kneels to her as if begging pardon for having doubted the evidence of his own senses when in Paris; and she, evidently as astonished as delighted to find that in the shepherd of the flock she possesses the most docile of sheep, hugs the once suspicious lambkin to the fold of her pretty dress. But—but—but . . . well, 'tis natural there should be "butts" where a sheep is concerned; and if the life of this couple at the Haymarket is only half as happy as it promises to be, verily they'll have their reward, and the author of their happiness his, take it as they will, in cash or notes.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, as the cricketing parson, blind as a bat, plays the part so skilfully as to win all sympathies. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH is invaluable as the military gent, richly deserving all the decorations he can get for distinguished service.

Mr. C. M. HALLARD, as *Henry Traquair*, a very difficult part, seen only in the First Act, after which "he is heard no more," is admirable. Not a few unsophisticated persons in the audience but will expect him to turn up again in the course of the story, perhaps at the vicarage. To have done this would have transformed the comedy into Adelphi melodrama, a story of murder, blackmail, and virtue triumphant! Never too late to write this, eh, Captain?

Bob Fielding, the boy, is delightfully played by Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS, who was so sprightly as the fast youth in the revival of *Betsy* at the Criterion. To him, as to that most natural actress, DOROTHEA BAIRD (once *Trilby*), as *Beatrice Fielding*; to clever Miss MARIE LINDEN as *Miss Campion Parr*; and to Mr. ERIC LEWIS's life-like study of that absurd old piece of fatuous pomposity, *General Sir A. Fielding* (these two last being peculiarly Dickensian characters), is due the unquestionable success of the comedy scenes which intervene, artistically, as a most welcome relief to the serious interest of the play. For, say what we will, put it how we may, *Margaret Fielding* is only another and latest version of "the woman with a past." It is not much of "a past" maybe, but a past it is; and this character Miss EVELYN MILLARD depicts with the very finest art. Her passion, her demureness, her yielding, her awakening, then her true tenderness; and with all this her nervous duplicity, and her intense fear that makes her a coward—all these variations of temper are admirably portrayed.

The name of *Fielding* is not ill chosen as that of a country family into which a cricketing parson marries. Pity is it that the little man cannot change his name from *Maxwell* to *Batswell*, but anyhow it may be taken for granted that though they will have a good innings at the Haymarket, yet among them all, excellent players though they be, they will only get one run—but that ought to last till the middle of next year.

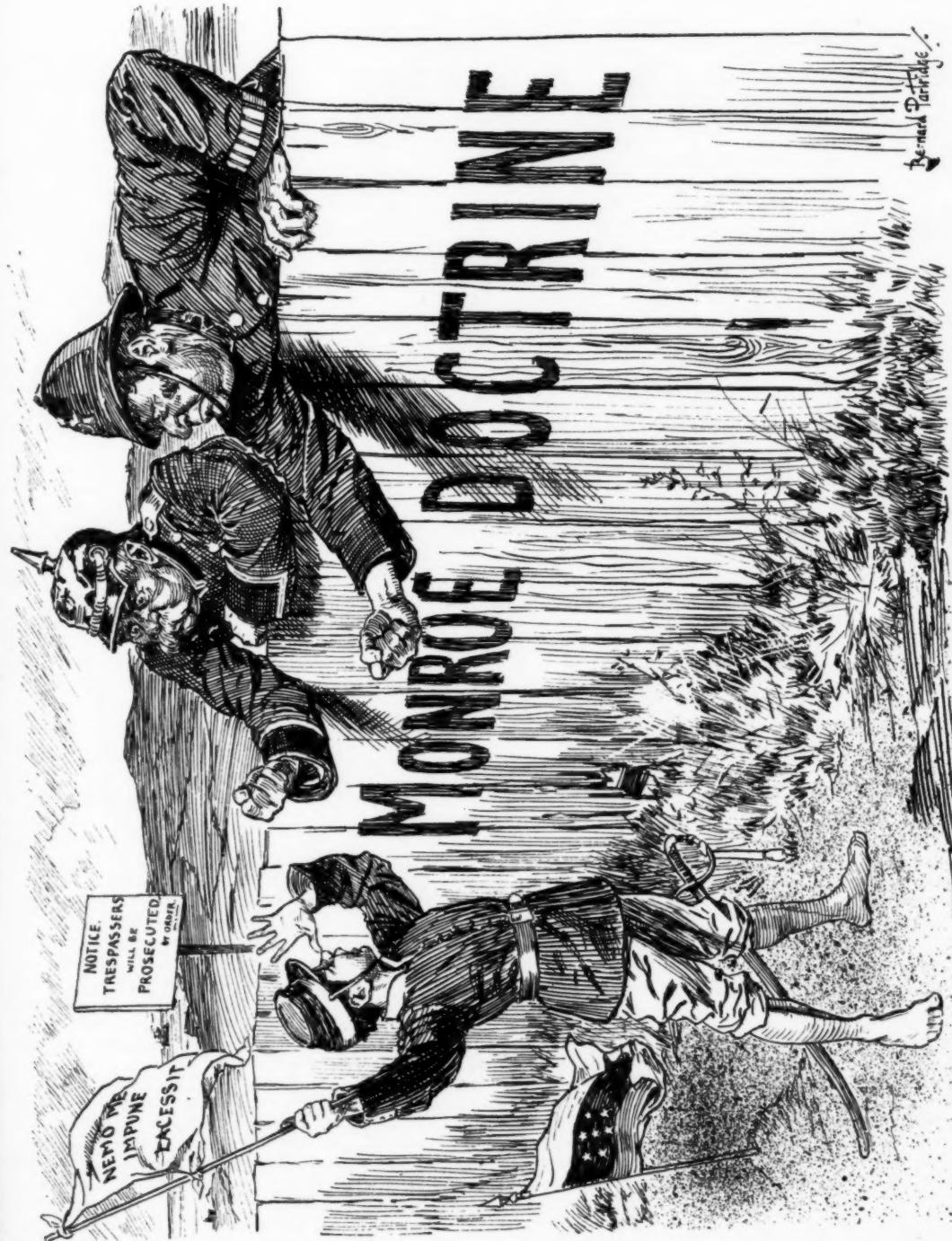
Britons never will be Slaves!

The following appears in a recent issue of the *Feathered World*:—

STRONG Man, Cart, and Harness, sell £1; must sell, moving.—
———, Stratford.

And yet Mr. JOHN BURNS has been criticised for saying that no man is worth more than £500 a year.

NEWS OF THE MOORS.—Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON and Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER are both going to appear as *Othello*. Hooray! Will not Messrs. TREE, ALEXANDER, and Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM follow soot? "The Moor the Merrier," as he would be if DAN LENO blacked his face and went in for the part. Wouldn't the White Eyed Kaffir have a look in? Wherever it's a failure the Manager will find himself cast for the rôle of *Cash-I-owe*.



CORNERING HIM.

*Little Venezuela. "Yah! you big bullies! You daren't get over that fence!"
England and Germany (together). "All right, young man, we can wait!"*

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TO BELINDA.

[A writer in the *Academy* suggests that, in order to prevent the increase of the unfit, persons about to be married should be compelled to insure their lives.]

FAREWELL, BELINDA ! All too soon

Our dream of bliss is over ;
'Tis not for us to honeymoon

To Paris *via* Dover.

Then, prithee, let thy winning charms
To love no longer lure me ;
I cannot clasp thee in my arms,
For no one will insure me.

Despair has seized my bosom, for
I may not call thee wife, love.
I've begged a dozen men and more
To take my wretched life, love.
The first refused me when he found
My mother's father's uncle,
Though otherwise his health was sound,
Possessed a big carbuncle.

The next one very clearly proved
My chance of living slight is :

My second cousin once removed
Had had appendicitis.

The third one said, " I fear your life's
The very briefest span, Sir ;
Your sister's husband's uncle's wife's
Great uncle died of cancer."

In vain I begged, besought, abused,
In vain my tears did fall, dear ;
They one and all of them refused
To take my life at all, dear.
And since they adamantine be
To tears and even pelf, love,
The only course that I can see
Is taking it myself, love.

IN THE STOKE-HOLE.

A MORNING contemporary recently recorded the temporary disappearance of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN during his voyage to Egypt. We are now able to supply the following details :—

H.M.S. *Good Hope*.

Great excitement was caused on board this morning by the disappearance of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He was not in his cabin, he was not on the hurricane deck ; no one had seen him go overboard. Where could he be ? Search-parties were sent out, the whole ship was examined, and at length the Colonial Secretary was discovered in the stoke-hole. He had disguised himself by removing his eye-glass and orchid, and, when found, was engaged in conversation with some of the engineers who, on learning that their visitor was the Colonial Secretary, were amazed at the intelligence of the questions he put to them.

" That hard, black substance that you are shovelling into the fire is really coal ? How very interesting. And you bring it in scuttles from the coalecellar ? "

" We calls 'em bunkers, Sir."



"DAD ! DAD ! "

" Bunkers ? That's what BALFOUR is always talking about, but I did not know he knew anything of ships. Why do you make such big fires ? "

" To keep the water boiling."

" But don't you find it very hot ? "

" Yessir."

" What would happen if you stopped stoking ? "

" The fire would go out."

" And then ? "

" There'd be no steam."

" And then ? "

" The ship'd stop."

" Why ? "

" Cos it wouldn't go on."

" I see. I suppose it takes a great deal of force to drive along this ship ? "

" About twenty thousand horse-power."

" What is horse-power ? "

At this point the mate in charge of the first search-party came into the stoke-hold and penetrated the Colonial Secretary's disguise. Unspeakable was the relief of everyone when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN reappeared on deck none the worse for his adventure. The engineers agree that his affability and intelligent conversation were worthy of Royalty itself.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE'S annotated edition of *The Clarke's Tale* may be expected shortly.

A Strange Tory, by Lord HUGH CECIL, is announced. The book is dedicated without permission to Col. KENYON-SLANEY.

A delightful Christmas gift will be found in the *Breakfast Table Series* as edited by Sir THOMAS LIPTON.

The new volume in the First and Fortunately Last Novel Series is Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S "*Life's Little Steel and Ironies*."

SIR ALFRED JONES, K.C.M.G., is Chairman of the new jam factory in our great West Indian Colony. It has accordingly been suggested that in future it should be spelt Jam-maker.

FROM BEN TROVATO'S NOTE-BOOK.—The poet WHITTIER was doubtful concerning his fame in the future. " Ah ! " he observed, sadly, " even my greatest admirers will find it difficult to prove my existence, as when comparing me with other celebrated wits, they will positively affirm that *there never was a wittier* ! "

THE LOTUS EATERS.

[“I went over Dartmoor Prison a few weeks ago, and I quite envied the convict his happy, peaceful home there. So much food do they get (of the wrong kind for strength and energy) that they do not walk, they waddle; and this is not to be wondered at, as they get 32 oz. of farinaceous food a day—six times more than really necessary. Then the nice cells, good beds, plenty of magazines and books, soap, yes, and even tooth-brushes.”—Dr. Yorke-Davies in “The Gentleman’s Magazine.”]

WILLIAM, my friend in days gone by,
It always makes my pulse beat faster,
When I recall how you and I
“Ragged” side by side the self-same master,
Shared, without strife, a common key,
Pursued harmoniously the leather,
Brewed in our study mutual tea—
In short, were boys at school together.

And sad it is that two such friends
(I loved you, WILLIAM, as a brother)
In after life should strive for ends
Dissimilar to one another.
And sadder still, that of the pair
While one (that’s you) has prospered greatly,
The other should be doomed to fare
Upon the whole but moderately.

’Tis mine to woo the fickle brief,
To turn my brain to courts and sessions.
To you the calling of a thief
Appeared the noblest of professions.
No lack of skill your efforts marred,
Your work was silent, clean, and thorough;
They dreaded you at Scotland Yard,
They idolised you in the Borough.

For years you bore away the palm;
And now, unless the tale’s unfounded,
You live a life of fatted calm,
By every luxury surrounded.
With scented soap you idly toy,
Nor e’en the dental brush eschewed is.
Your toilet over, you enjoy
The latest novel, fresh from Mudie’s.

If to the trencher turns your mood,
A silver bell the meal announces.
You call for farinaceous food,
They bring you two-and-thirty ounces.
Such almost Eastern pomp recalls
That master of the lyric art, MOORE.
No wonder men within those walls
Extol thy charms so highly, Dartmoor.

On prison life, it seems to me
The sentimentalists talk twaddle.
Does it depress a man when he
Forgets to walk and learns to waddle?
No! Fortunate I count that man;
Yea, deem him happiest of mortals,
Who passes in a prison van
Triumphant through those fairy portals.

WILLIAM, I hate my daily toil,
I weary of the constant striving,
The cares that vex, the traps that foil,
The difficulty of “arriving.”
For ease with dignity I sigh,
For rest and peace I long with fervour—
To-morrow I go out to buy
A jemmy and a life-preserver.

HEARD AT THE HAYMARKET.

SCENE—*The Stalls.* TIME—During an Entr’acte.

CHARACTERS—He and She.

She (casually glancing up at the Proscenium). There seems to be a Motto or something written up over there.

He. Y-yea. Something of that kind.

She. The beginning looks like “Summa Ars”—

He. Ah, I daresay. Latin, you know.

[*Hopes that this answer will check all further curiosity.* *She.* I know that—but what does it mean?

He. Well, “Summa Ars” is—er—High Art, don’t you know.

She. And what’s that other word, right at the very end—Artem?

He. Artem? Oh, artem is—(calling out the reserves of his Latin declensions)—Artem is—Art, too.

She (surprised at the elasticity of the language). Really? And then there are two words in the middle I can’t make out.

He (thankful to hear it). No—the—er—glare of the chandelier gets in the way, rather.

She (using her opera-glasses). One word seems to be French—“est.”

He (with a sudden sense of scholarship). No, it’s the Latin for “is.”

[*Hopes to goodness she can’t make out any more of it.* *She.* The next word looks rather like—“Celery.”

He. It’s more likely to be “celare.”

[*He pronounces it in the foreign manner—which, he considers, ought to satisfy any reasonable person that he knows more about it than he cares to show.*

She (perseveringly). “Summa Ars est celare Artem.” How would you translate that?

He (who wouldn’t translate it at all if he could avoid it). Well—er—“celare,” you know, “celare” is—um—(tries to remember what the deuce “celare” used to be when he was at school)—it’s rather difficult to render exactly.

She. But can’t you give the sense of it?

He (deciding to rush it). Celare is—to celebrate.

She. Oh? High Art is to celebrate Art. But I don’t see much sense in it now!

He (with presence of mind). Don’t you? You will, if you think it over a bit.

[*She seems still inclined to return to the charge—but, to his infinite relief, the Act-drop rises and effectively changes the subject.*

THIS IS THE HOUSE, &c.

NEW STYLE.

This is the School that ARTHUR built;

These are the Teachers who teach the School that ARTHUR built;

These are the Managers who look after the Teachers who teach the School that ARTHUR built;

These are the County Council Inspectors who look after the Managers who, &c.;

These are the County Council Committees who look after their Inspectors who look after the Managers who look after the Teachers, &c.;

This is the County Council that looks after its Committees who look after their Inspectors, &c.;

These are the Board of Education Inspectors who look after the County Council that looks after its Committees who, &c.;

This is the Board of Education that looks after its Inspectors who look after the County Council that looks after its Committees who look after their Inspectors who look after the Managers who look after the Teachers who teach the School that ARTHUR built.

CHARIVARIA.

THE War in Somaliland has now been handed over by the Foreign Office to the War Office. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* wires that operations may be delayed for nine months.

The British and German Governments have sent ultimatums to Venezuela. If they are not complied with it is intended to seize that country's Customs. It is hoped they may prove better than her manners.

As a result of Sir HORACE RUMBOLD'S alleged indiscretions, a new Foreign Office circular will shortly be issued to our diplomats begging them to be more diplomatic.

Some of our leading newspapers now publish special cablegrams from America every day. We are thus kept quite as *au fait* as our cousins themselves with all the most important events that happen on the other side of the Atlantic. For instance, last week the news was flashed across to us that a pet pug-dog, having a tooth filled with gold and set with a diamond, had been lost in the Broadway. Formerly we might have been kept in ignorance of this for many weeks, if not altogether.

A Scientist named Dr. STILES has discovered that laziness is not a vice, but is due to a germ, and lazy people are delighted. They forget that the Doctor may discover a means of exterminating the germ.

It is reported that the Shah of PERSIA has reduced the number of his wives from 1700 to 60. We believe this is equivalent, in Persia, to becoming a widower.

M. PELLETAN has given permission to the sailors of the French Fleet to wear their hair in any style they like. It is now surmised that the famous Marine Minister recently ordered a reduction in the crews of all the war-vessels in order that there might be room for longer hair.

The French Premier has issued notices to the police on the subject of Church bells. They are to find out whether they are rung in such a way as to prevent the inhabitants sleeping. Apparently it is the custom in some parts of France to ring the bells during the sermon.

General BULLER has made a speech on the unbusiness-like management of the Army. There is little doubt that the



IN THE UNDERGROUND.

Lady (who has just entered carriage, to friend). "FANCY FINDING YOU IN THE TRAIN! WHY COULDN'T I HAVE MET YOU YESTERDAY, NOW? I HAD SUCH A WRETCHED JOURNEY! BUT ONE NEVER DOES MEET PEOPLE WHEN ONE WANTS TO!"

War Office occasionally makes mistakes in its selection of Generals.

The next meeting of the British Association will take place at the Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi River. Newspaper readers will be glad to hear that some difficulty is likely to be experienced in reporting the proceedings of the Association from such a distant spot.

A wonderful instance of presence of mind, which has caused considerable annoyance to Mr. SOUSA, is reported from Chicago. A fire broke out at Lincoln School in that city. Upon seeing the flames one of the pupils coolly sat down at the piano and started playing a Sousa March, whereupon her fellow-schoolgirls at once marched out of the building.

The six British workmen who were refused permission to land at Sydney, New South Wales, turn out to be hatters. At first it was not known why they were so mad at their exclusion.

We hear that the New South Wales Government has recently made an experiment with the object of introducing European flat fishes to the Colony. At the time of arrival of the consignment of fishes, there were alive 560 plaice, 20 English soles, 3 Mediterranean soles, and one female lobster. *Plaice aux dames!*

The glowing terms of the prospectus of an Eau de Cologne Company recently issued suggest confident anticipations of a dividend of cent. per cent.



THE BIG BIG "D" IN EGYPT.

The Sphinx. "WELL, I AM 'DAM'D'! BRAVO!"
Sir John the Contractor. "SO GLAD YOU'RE PLEASED! AU RESERVOIR!"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. IV.—IN SOCIETY.
(Concluded.)

It may be complained that up to this point I have not given any substantial advice to the aspirant who wants to get on in Society. I admit the justice of the complaint, but I want my difficulties to be considered. Everybody seems to have his or her own special idea of what Society is. You may hear it said both of A. and of B. that they go out a great deal into Society. A. frequents heavy political dinner parties and big receptions and occasionally unbends to the opera; B., on the other hand, dines a great deal at fashionable restaurants, goes on to the homes of musical comedy, tempered by tights and imbecility, and pays visits at country houses. They never meet by any chance, but still it appears to be admitted that both A. and B. are in Society. Again, the old Countess of BAGSWELL never goes anywhere except to the annual meeting of the Missionary Association in which she happens to be interested. The rest of her time she spends between her bedroom and the gloomy mausoleum to which she attaches the giddy name of drawing-room. Yet to pretend that her ladyship, the descendant of innumerable peers, and the widow of a former Under-Secretary of State, is not in Society even when she is cabined in the dark recesses of her home would be to open the flood-gates and do all the other dangerous metaphorical things which your base-born Radical threatens. My own bedmaker at Cambridge, a lady of unimpeachable rectitude but of cinerary aspect, had her own strict notions of what befitted rank. She was asked by an undergraduate evangelist to attend a prayer-meeting in the Barnwell district, and reported the invitation to me. "Did you go, Mrs. HIGGS?" I asked her. "Me go!" she answered with dignity, "certainly not. Why, some o' them people that I met there might want to come callin' on me next day!" That settled it. The evangelist lost a possible convert, but the bedmaker preserved her social exclusiveness.

Honestly, I hardly know what to advise. It seems a feeble and unmeaning thing to tell a man or a woman not to strive unduly, to be content with the friends and associates that have been provided for him or her by circumstances and natural merit, not to imagine that because Hobbs has £10,000 a year and keeps a yacht and rents a grouse moor he is better than Nobbs, who has only £2,000, or even than Dobbs, who keeps a cheerful face and a considerable family on £700. If you happen to be in the Dobbs class

you'll find him, I wager, a more amusing companion than either Nobbs or Hobbs, though his intimacy won't cost you anything like so much in pocket or anxiety. At any rate there's one lot, a little but a noisy one, that you need never worry about. These are the brainless, chattering nincompoops, male and female, who gild themselves, so to speak, up to the eyes, and live a life of strenuous sloth and self-indulgence, flinging about with both hands their own money and that which they obtain from accommodating lenders, and finishing up a parapic career under the stern eye of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE or Mr. Justice GORELL BARNES. What a life it is! How far exalted above the petty struggles and stupid restrictions of the ordinary ten-commandment world is the plane of superiority on which these marvellous beings move! Behold them turning a first-class hunting centre or a country house into an easy Agapemone, on the boundaries of which the poor expelled domestic virtues shiver in the cold, while the gay inhabitants gamble through the night, bet through the day, and talk their silly slang of nicknames and vapid catch-phrases in an inextricable confusion of false sentiment, arrogance, spendthrift waste and mean intrigue and deceit. Great God! I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn—than spend an hour or a minute, or a fraction of a minute, in this glittering atmosphere of affectation and the primitive vices, unrelieved by a single fresh breath of manly honour or true womanly feeling. Pah! the mere distant contemplation of it, as it is described in the columns of the daily Press, reporting what is called a Society case, is enough to give one a fit of intolerable nausea. Why are such fribbles permitted to exist, they and their money-bags, and their dresses and jewels, and valets, and sly conspiring maids with their keen eyes at the keyhole? What object do they aim at, what purpose in the Providential government of the world do they fulfil, except to warn by disgusting? If that is the Society you are striving for, there's no more to be said. May Heaven send you a good deliverance when you're done with it!

YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD.

WHEN I was a nice little girl,
 And you weren't so very much older,
 Ere my locks had forgotten to curl,
 Though they only came down to my shoulder,
 And you were quite small, with no muscle at all,
 I certainly think you were bolder.

To-night your discreetest of cards
 To my heap makes the latest accession,
 "Best wishes and kindest regards"
 Is not an impassioned confession;
 Yet your symptoms reveal what you try to conceal—
 That you suffer from over repression.

The cards that you sent me of old
 Were fifty times nicer than this is,
 Of "Love to dear MOLLIE" they told,
 And you filled up the spaces with kisses.
 Of course it's correct to be more circumspect,
 But somehow—there's something one misses.

Oh! I wish we were children once more,
 And candid and frank in our dealings,
 We're both of us sulky and sore
 With these subtleties, tricks and concealings.
 But until you speak out, there's no manner of doubt
 I'm bound to dissemble my feelings.

EARLY MORNING FRENCH (as "she may be spoke" on the Heath, Newmarket).—"Tout 'est lâ."

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

No. IX.—Mr. J. M. BARRIE.

We found Mr. BARRIE by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, cleaning



"We found Mr. Barrie by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens."

his bonnie briar-root pipe and thoughtfully watching a yacht race.

"Jolly place," he said, "if it weren't for the Big Black Birds. Look at that one"—and he pointed out a predatory specimen with a beak full of food ravished from an adjacent perambulator: "Can you conceive anything odder and stouter? It terrifies me. Or rather," he added in a whisper, "he terrifies me. For his name is PETER ROBINSON. Or is it JAY?" he asked in tremulous accents.

We murmured something about the courage of a man who could stand up to fast bowling.

"Ah," said Mr. BARRIE, removing his pipe and gazing at the contents of the bowl, "in some matters I am a Craven."

"My plans?" he added in response to our question. "I don't know for certain. There's a book on the Lower End of the Serpentine that I ought to write—where the rockery is. I find that children go there too. And then there is a great subject in the strip by the Knightsbridge Barracks where the perambulators go. Sooner or later these things must be done. There's the Dogs' Home, too; and I've just heard that for real inconsiderateness there's nothing to touch the waiters in the House—so I suppose I must stand for Parliament."

"Have you thought of any particular constituency?"

"Well, nothing has been decided yet, but I have been approached by a deputation from Coventry, the centre of the perambulator industry."

"And what about your play, Mr. BARRIE?"

"My play? Oh, I'm no good except as a change bowler. But I'm filling up next season's fixture-card like anything. We're going to have a week in the Chilterns—wonderful place for making hundreds—Mr. MORLEY has joined the team, and I've asked the Admirable CRICHTON BROWNE, but he insists on playing in Harris Tweeds."

We ventured to interrupt: "Not cricket, Mr. BARRIE; we meant your stage play."

"Oh, my stage plays; I never think of them. They're just odd-time work between smoking and the Gardens and the Club and fielding mid-off. Perhaps I shan't write any more; perhaps I shall write fifty."

"Don't you think H. B. IRVING very good as Crichton?"

"He ought to be! I took enough pains with him. Why I sent him GLADSTONE's *Studies subsidiary to the Art of Butler*, a book weighing at least a ton. It broke down three perambulators getting it to him."

As we strolled about, Mr. BARRIE showed us several interesting landmarks of the Gardens.

"That," he observed as we passed northward along the Broad Walk, "is ROBBIE NICOLL's Tree, where he lost a saxpence and found a shilling. A good deal of excavation has been done there ever since by MARMADUKE MORGAN and CECCO YERKES. And that," continued Mr. BARRIE, pointing to a small white stone on the margin of the adjacent mere, "is called the Meeting of the Waters. There it was that Major Pond fell into the Round Pond and would have been drowned had not he been rescued by a chimney-sweep named WHITELEY, who dived in, extracted him, and then stood revealed as Major Pond's long-lost grandfather. Odd, wasn't it?" added Mr. BARRIE. "But now, come along home and have a smoke. There'll be some lunch first."



"Oh, I'm no good except as a change bowler."

And hailing two passing perambulators, dislodging their occupants, and courteously offering me the larger, he briskly signalled to the nurses in charge to propel us in the direction of the Bayswater Road.



"He briskly signalled to the nurses in charge to propel us in the direction of the Bayswater Road."

LAW AND POLICE.

(A Report of the Future.)

THE report that the FLASHAWAY divorce suit is postponed is unfounded. It will commence on Tuesday as advertised. There are still a few gallery seats to be obtained at five guineas each.

At Bow Street yesterday, JOHN JONES, a costermonger, was summoned for having obstructed the crowd waiting outside the pit of the Divorce Court. Lady HIGHSTONE having given evidence in support of the charge, the defendant explained that he was merely trying to get his barrow through the crowd on his way from Covent Garden.

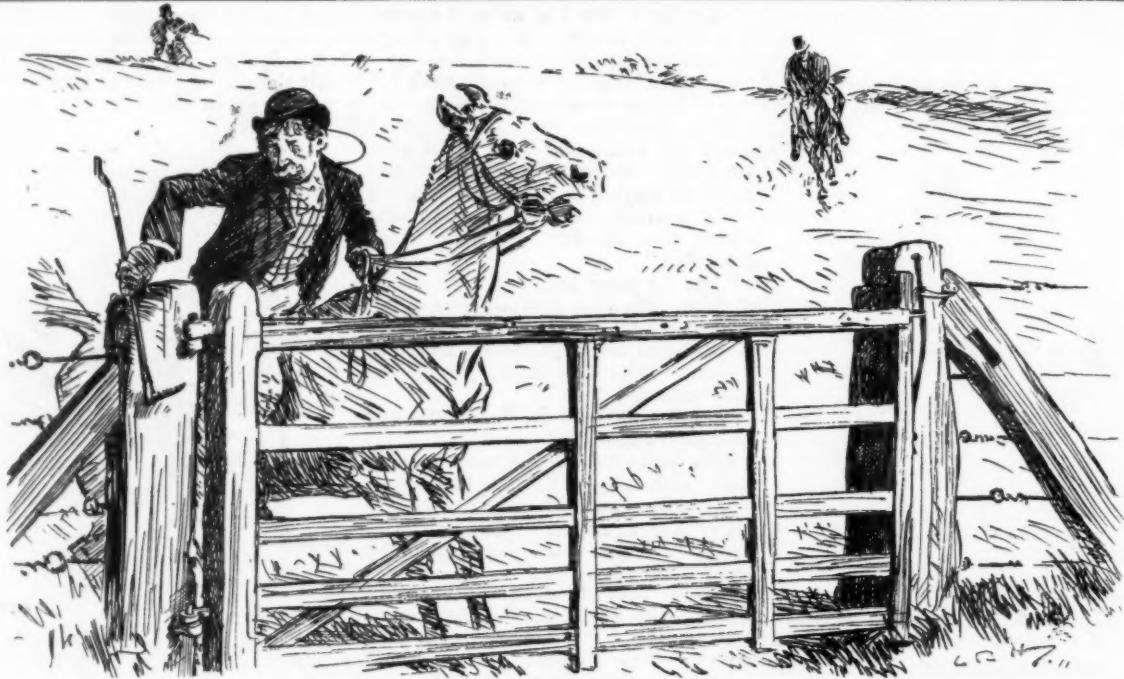
The magistrate said that the pleasure-seeking public must be protected, and fined him five pounds and costs.

At the same Court, the Earl of BLANKLEY was charged with having driven a motor car to the public danger, and further with having run down a boy with fatal result.

His Lordship explained that he was co-respondent in a divorce suit, and was on his way to the Law Courts when the accident occurred. The speed may have been a little excessive.

The magistrate said, that bearing in mind the public character of the business on which the defendant was engaged, he would discharge him on payment of half-a-crown and the funeral expenses.

The fine was at once paid.



'Arry (encountering a shut gate for the first time). "WONDER WHICH END THE THING OPENS? AH, 'ERE Y'ARE! 'ERE'S THE 'OOKS AN' EYES!"

MUSICAL GOSSIP IN 1920.

WE understand that no fewer than 36 rehearsals have already taken place of the new Symphonic Poem which the eminent composer, Herr CAMILLE HUMPERSCHEINCK, has graciously consented to conduct at the concert to be held on Saturday next at the King's Hall.

The work in question, which is entitled *Tohu va Bohu*, is a superbly successful attempt to express in musical terms the salient features of the forty millions of years which elapsed between the cooling of the earth's crust and the birth of KHU-FU (*alias* CHEOPS), the great Pyramid builder. It is laid out in 22 movements, and alike in length, complexity of structure and sonority of orchestration, exceeds the efforts of all composers, ancient or modern. The full score occupies ten large folio volumes, each weighing close on two hundred weight.

To give full scenic effect to this massive and monumental manifestation of the Teutonic *Zeitgeist*, the King's Hall has been entirely redecorated by a firm of Berlin upholsterers, and only German will be allowed to be spoken in the intervals.

We have to record the death in a London workhouse of the once well-known English pianist, Mr. ARTHUR WELLINGTON JONES. It will be remembered that at the period of the German invasion he refused to uncover at the

command of the conductor of a German band, and was sentenced to death, a penalty which was afterwards commuted, on the intercession of Herr RICHARD STRAUSS, to imprisonment for ten years.

The magnificent humorous orchestral suite, "*Graf von Bülow's Lustige Streiche*," will form the chief fixture at the Philharmonic Concert next Tuesday. With his usual generosity Herr GOLUCHOWSKY, the conductor, has invited an English performer on the triangle to take part in the performance.

For the first time for many years a native singer was heard at the Popoffsky concerts on Saturday. No satisfactory reason has been given by the Directors for this rash act, which met with well-merited reprobation. We understand that the popular member for Marylebone, Mr. WILHELM BUNERT, has announced his intention of asking a question in the House on the subject at the earliest opportunity.

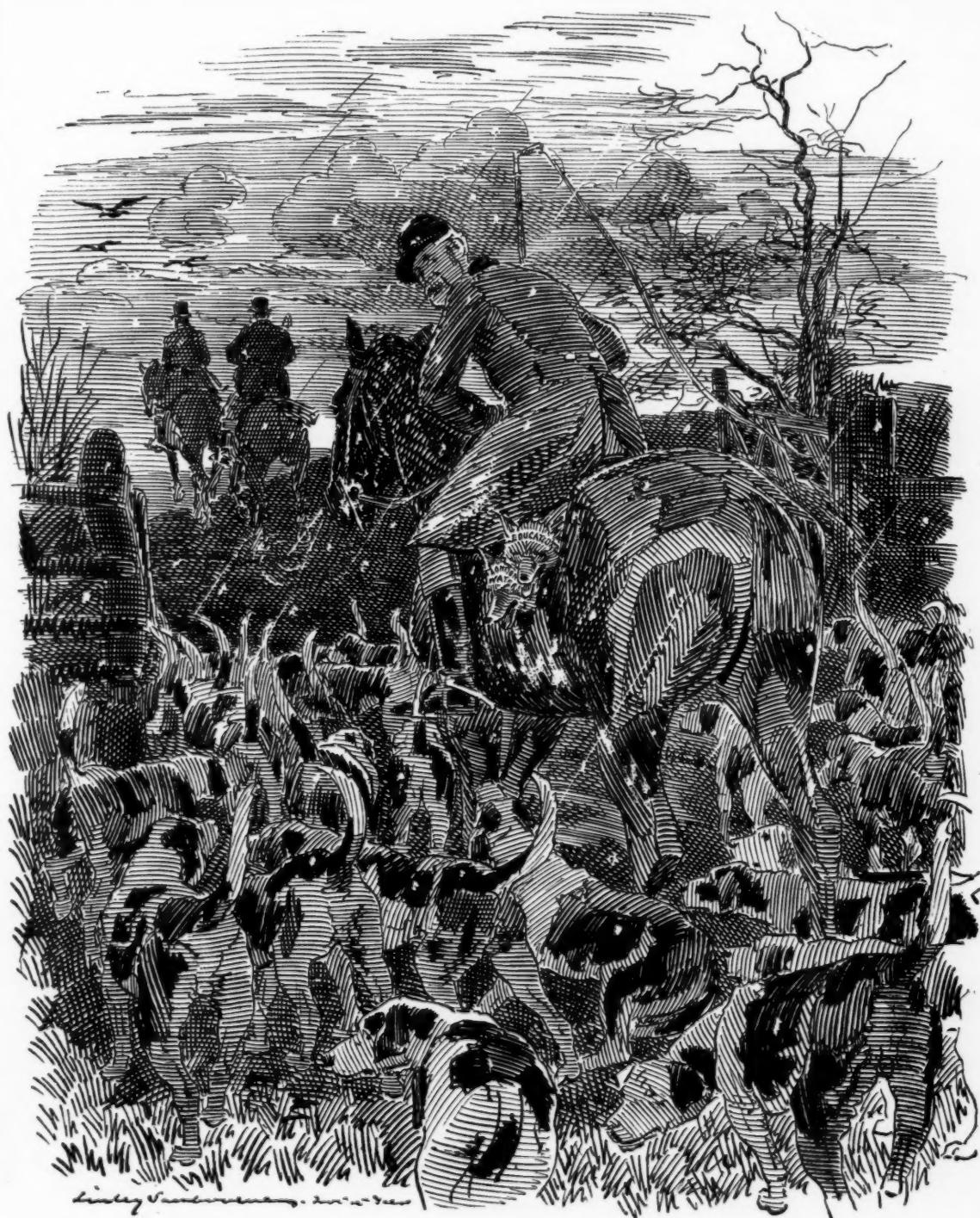
The *Musical Directory* for 1920 has just been issued. It contains the names of 14,324 persons, of whom no fewer than 53 are English. Of these, however, 41 are upwards of eighty years of age.

The Minister of Fine Arts, Mr. CARL GOLDFLEISCH, has granted special permission to Sir HUBERT STANBRIDGE to set to music some lyrics by the German poet, SCHAKSPIER.

"TIS PLEASANT IN (STEINWAY) HALL."

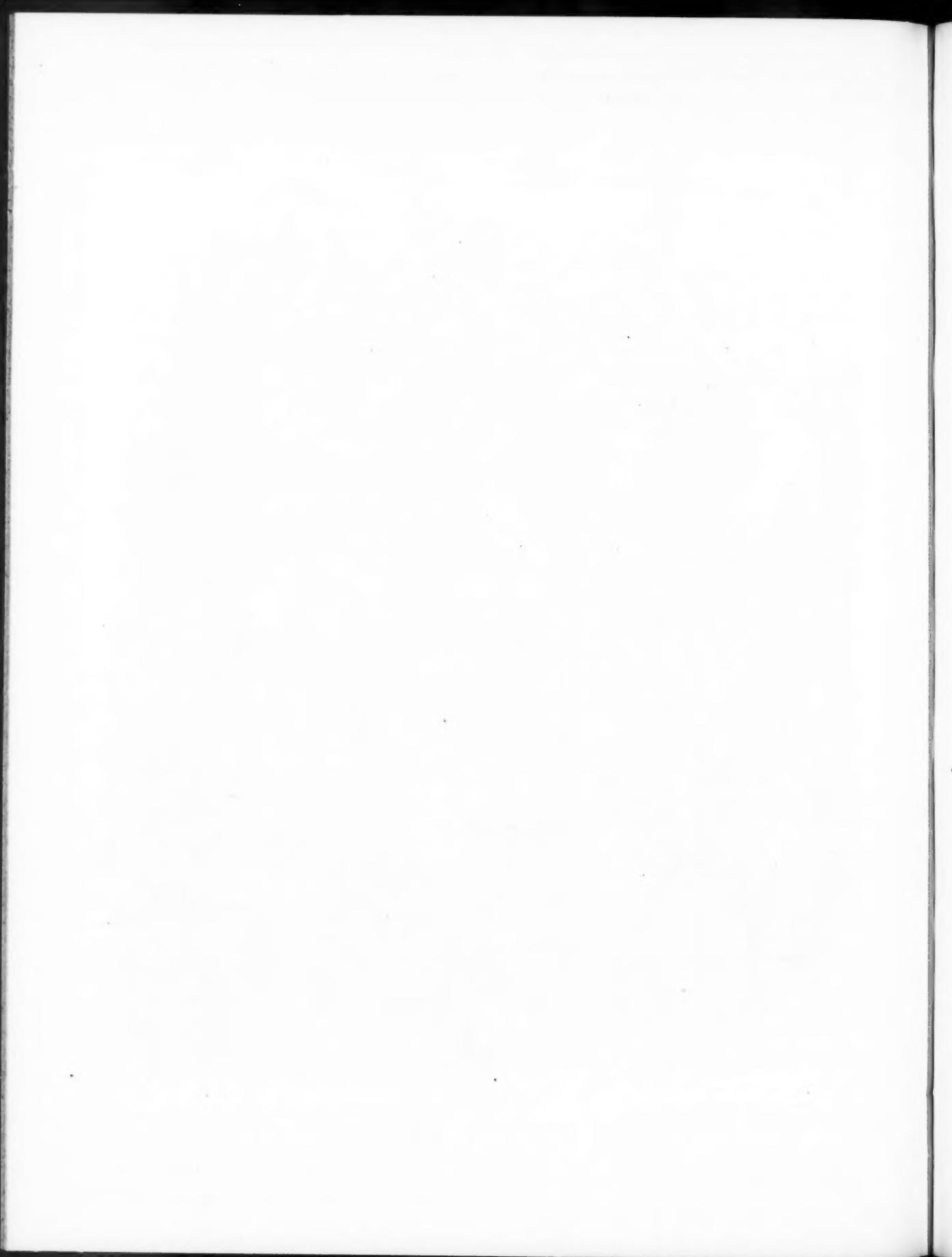
Had PETER the Packer, or any member of Packer's Band (once upon a time well known to those who dance in circles) had the filling of Steinway Hall on the occasion of HAYDEN COFFIN's Nineteenth Concert and Recital, it could not have been more crammed than it was, with any regard to individual comfort. Mr. COFFIN in excellent form generally, though a trifle annoyed at the late arrivals of a few unfortunate persons who could not manage to be in time, for his turn, and for the one in which Miss ELDÉE cleverly assisted him. Those who have not heard M. MAURICE FAROKA's French version of "*Mrs. Energy Ackins*" must not lose the next opportunity of doing so. Mr. H. B. IRVING recited W. S. GILBERT's immensely funny *Etiquette*, and complied with a vociferous encore (a word signifying "over again if you please") by giving a totally different recitation. The next concert is advertised for February 2. This is full notice—about two months ahead. Certainly "Sharp's" the word, and the name of the "Agent in Advance."

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—With the approach of milder weather the Thames Steamboat Company will inaugurate a service of cheap boats. We understand it will be called the Twopenny Tub.



THE END OF THE DAY.

[RIGHT HON. ARTH-R B-LF-R (*jogging home*). "WE 'VE KILLED A BRACE; NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL."]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Dec. 8.— Question of who is Leader of Opposition popped up to-night with fresh activity. Is it LOUGH? is it SYDNEY BUXTON? is it WALTER LONG? or is it merely C.-B.? Enquiry arises on London Water Bill with reference to proceedings last Friday. Arrangement then come to between WALTER LONG in charge of Bill and SYDNEY BUXTON, the boy standing on the burning deck of Front Opposition Bench, whence all but he had fled. Settled that in consideration of certain concessions made by Minister Opposition will permit Bill to run through Committee to-night. This afternoon down comes C.-B., and amid cheers from Mr. LOUGH throws over SYDNEY BUXTON, demands another day for Committee. This too much for seraphic temper of PRINCE ARTHUR. Sixty days and nights he spent in the wilderness of Committee on Education Bill, never once betraying lapse of patience or fracture of temper. But, really, this is going a step too far. If understandings openly come to across floor of House between representatives of parties are to be ignored or upset, how is business of the country to be carried on?

Whilst PRINCE ARTHUR put this question murmur of conversation rose from lower end of Treasury Bench where Under-Secretaries flock. Turning in that direction and transfixing innocent

(represented by C.-B.) and Mr. LOUGH, SYDNEY BUXTON tremblingly explained. Deserted by his leader and his colleagues on Front Bench, recognising value of concessions made by Minister, anxious only to improve the Bill, he had struck a bargain approved by every Member taking active part in discussion save the plumbless LOUGH. At same time he was bound to say—here he folded round him imaginary white cloth—before taking action he should have consulted his leader. He apologised to his right hon. friend, and joined in his request for extension of the debate.

PRINCE ARTHUR looked on scornfully at this exhibition of generalship; would hold no further parley in the matter. Moved to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule so as to make sure of carrying Water Bill before House rose. LOUGH insisted upon taking division; of distracted Opposition only eleven went into Lobby against proposal, the rest fleeing till the thing was over.

"Getting on nicely, don't you think?" said SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, of late so much engaged before other tribunals as to have neglected High Court of Parliament. "Quite unnecessary for fellows opposite to do or say anything with intent to keep us out and themselves in. They may safely leave the whole thing in our hands."

*Business done.—*Water Bill through Committee.

House of Lords, Tuesday night.—A new word added to authorised Parliamentary phraseology. Bishop of HEREFORD called Leader of the House a Laocoön, and no one offered reproof. Certainly this was not in the Commons but in the Lords, where all sorts of queer things are done. To-night, for example, having formally gone into Committee on Education Bill, TWEEDMOUTH protested on behalf of certain Peers who prepared speeches for Second Reading, found no opportunity for delivering them, and were promised to have opening specially made on motion to go into Committee.

Idea of grown-up men insisting on making-believe to debate in order to work off belated speeches seems more like a wheeze from Wonderland than a matter of fact from Westminster. Is simply true. House having actually got into Committee in preparation for real business, positively got out again so that two or three Peers and prelates might deliver speeches prepared for Second Reading!

The absurdity unexpectedly justified by notable speech from Bishop of HEREFORD. No small measure of courage needed to rise from midst of the heavenly and surpliced choir whitening benches below Gangway, and denounce a measure primarily designed

in interests of the Church. Hardy HEREFORD performed his task with a courage, a dignity, an occasional note of pathos, that commanded respectful attention. Since the wrangle began no such weighty and powerful denunciation of the Measure has been spoken in Parliament or on the platform.

It led up to the startling imagery of COUNTY GUY as "a pathetic and noble Laocoön." The serpents who in their fatal embrace crushed the son of PRIAM and HECUBA were two in number. The Bishop of HEREFORD, more generous, threw in three for the entanglement and excuse of COUNTY GUY.

"The noble Duke," he said, "is bound in the triple coil of a disastrous, ill-starred union of the old-fashioned Tory, the traditional Whig, and the Birmingham Radical."

This supplementary reference to an eminent statesman at the moment on the seas bent on serving his country sent a shudder through an Assembly that had not turned a hair when it heard its esteemed Leader called a Laocoön.

*Business done.—*In the Commons



The Chief Whip of the Tories.
(Sir Al-x-nd-r Acl-nd-H-d.)
"Please, Sir, it wasn't me!"

ACLAND-HOOD with flaming glance he sharply said, "Don't let us all be speaking at once." ACLAND-HOOD not had such a shock since he was at Tel-el-Kebir.

Standing between the Deep Sea



Cranborne thinks it over.
(Is life worth living at the Foreign Office?)

Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs has bad time with Uganda Railway Bill.

Friday night.—I have in a pigeon-hole, harvest of many years, collection of bulls turned out in House, not all by Irish Members. Just come upon one in country paper which I sorrowfully admit is in its absolute perfection equal to our very best. A subscription being got up in the little town, one of the most ancient in Britain, for a prize golf cup; subscriptions coming in slowly, soul of editor of local paper stirred within him.

"This must no longer be," so says leading article, stirring up the townspeople; alluding to scantiness of subscriptions it thus concludes:—"If our

readers will cast their eyes down the list which appears in another column they will find names that are conspicuous by their absence."

Business done.—Complaints on Ministerial benches of bad management of Militia and Yeomanry Bill. HARRY CUST



An Independent Supporter.

Harry Cust and the Government swore.

in particular doesn't think much of his Leaders.

Tuesday, December 16.—Winding up business of a Session which, beginning in mid-January, finds conclusion almost in lap of Christmas Eve. Parting hours soothed by piece of news SARK brings along. Tells me Irish Nationalist Members have resolved to invite GEORGE WYNDHAM to dinner. Admit the idea is not original. Rival restaurants have seen entertainment of several leaders of united Opposition. At beginning of Autumn Session, in heat of fight round Education Bill, PRINCE ARTHUR dined with the Welsh Members. Why should Ireland wait?

Preliminary difficulty arisen in matter of nominating chairman. Shall it be WILLIAM O'BRIEN, JOHN REDMOND, TIM HEALY, or the tumultuous TULLY? Not yet settled, but will arrange itself. Meanwhile the "smiling assassin" much pleased at projected honour. Only stipulation he makes is that in consideration of family ties he may at the feast be seated in convenient contiguity to a door arranged on the principle of Cousin HUGH's ideal schoolroom, leading not necessarily into church, but into sanctuary. In the event of a "regrettable incident" developing in the heat of dinner, the Chief Secretary might at the critical moment withdraw, leaving his hosts to

fight it out in fashion proverbial in Kilkenny.

Business done.—Arranging for Prorogation on Thursday.

REFLECTIONS.

[“Mr. LONG has perhaps more frequent occasion than any other speaker in Parliament to begin his observations with a reference to the empty condition of the benches around him.”—*Manchester Guardian*.]

WHEN MR. BALFOUR speaks, or JOE,
Why are the benches crowded so
Until they almost overflow?

I wonder.

Why do the eager Members run
Forsaking tea and Sally Lunn,
Cake, crumpet, buttered toast and bun,
I wonder.

But when I catch the Speaker's eye,
Why do no eager Members fly
To hear my oratory? Why?
I wonder.

Why do they linger where they are,
Inhaling perfumes of cigar
In smoking-rooms remote and far?
I wonder.

Nay, why do Members who are in
The House, become so few and thin
As soon as ever I begin?

I wonder.

And where but now a crowd has been
Assembled, why is nothing seen
But empty benches, bare and green?
I wonder.

Why do distinguished strangers beat,
With common herds, a swift retreat
As soon as I get on my feet?
I wonder.

Why do they flee with language strong?
Perhaps they think, this madding throng,
That life is short and I am Long?
I wonder.

PICKWICK UP TO DATE.

I.—MR. JINGLE'S ELOPEMENT.

“THEY'RE gone, Sir—gone clean off, Sir!” gasped the servant.

“Who's gone?” said Mr. WARDLE fiercely.

“Mister JINGLE and Miss RACHEL—started off in a motor hired ten minutes since, and—”

“Quick!” shouted Mr. WARDLE, “my car, at once! JOHN, HARRY—some of you—go and get the petrol! Tom, my respirator and spectacles this instant! Come along, PICKWICK, we'll catch 'em in less than no time—out of the way, WINKLE, out of the way! Here we are—jump in, PICKWICK. Stand clear there!”

And in less time than it takes to

describe the event the two intrepid old gentlemen had started on their chase. Away they went, down the narrow lanes; jolting in and out of the cart-ruts, and bumping against the hedges on either side.

“Is it—is it safe?” mumbled Mr. PICKWICK behind his respirator, as he peered anxiously through his goggles into the surrounding darkness.

“Hope so,” replied WARDLE, fumbling with the speed-gear. “Wish I understood this blessed machinery better, though. Only had a motor a week, and—”

A violent cannon against a signpost cut the remark short.

For a while there was silence. Then Mr. PICKWICK, who had been sniffing uneasily, broke the silence once more.

“My dear good friend,” he gasped, “what is this abominable smell?”

“Acetylene,” rejoined Mr. WARDLE abruptly. “Something gone wrong with the lamp. Look out, sharp corner here—and now we go downhill. Sit tight!”

But to comply with this direction was impossible. Mr. PICKWICK was thrown up and down in his seat like a cork. His goggles were jerked from his nose, his cap blown like a feather towards the sky, his whole body converted into one tremendous bruise.

“Ah, we're moving now,” cried Mr. WARDLE exultingly—and indeed they were moving. Fields, hedges, and trees seemed to rush from them with the velocity of a whirlwind. Suddenly Mr. PICKWICK exclaimed with breathless eagerness: “Here they are!”

Yes, a few hundred yards ahead of them was a motor, on which the well-known form of JINGLE was plainly discernible. It was travelling quite slowly, and Mr. WARDLE increased his speed yet further with a shout of triumph. “We have them, PICKWICK, we have them!” he cried, while the car flew like a streak of lightning. And then suddenly—a bump—a crash—and Mr. WARDLE and Mr. PICKWICK found themselves seated in the middle of the road, which was strewn with fragments of their machine. Two members of the constabulary were coiling up a rope which, stretched across the highway, had procured their downfall. A third policeman licked his pencil, and produced a notebook.

“Thought our rope would spoil your little game. Thirty-seven miles an hour, I make it. Names and addresses, please?”

JINGLE's car had stopped a short way ahead. “Ta-ta, PICKWICK,” he shouted, “good-bye, WARDLE—measured mile—scorching a mistake—police waiting—twigg'd 'em directly—slowed down. If lucky—option of fine—probably imprisonment. Well, so long!” and restarting his machine, he disappeared.



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"I AM DOWN AGAIN!"—*Cymbeline*, Act V., Sc. 5.

A FIRST-RATE BAC—IN THE BOND STREET COVERTS.

ALL Partridges, fifty-five brace and a half of 'em, every one of 'em in excellent condition, all the better for hanging, ready and waiting, and a great treat for everybody. Walk in and see the uncommonly Fine Art Show at 148, New Bond Street. Now then, Ladies and Gents, walk your chalks, enter within the pastellated walls, and see what can be done with crayon, wash, and body colours (sounds like sending you to "Bath!") in this most interesting show.

2. "Clementina." We do not know who CLEMENTINA is, whether related to Argentina or Concertina, but we make her acquaintance here and admire her immensely.

4. *A Single Figure.* Why single? Ought to be married.

5. *Lady Teazle* as she walked off in a huff after the great scene with Sir Peter.

9. Encore "Clementina." All the better for a "wash."

13. Venetian symphony. Sensational moment. Flight of gondolier, skedaddling at the very sight of a giant's shoe. Giant himself invisible in foreground, or rather in fore-water. Further description useless. Notice shoe to your right.

13. *The Dentist's Chair.* Lady with hand on her left side where the pain is—probably the stitch in time which saves nine—while her right cheek rests on pillow. Evidently severe toothache: tooth not yet drawn by artist: with a touch he will give her the "relief" she so much needs.

31. Delightful pastel. A Norman peasant woman, easily mistaken for "My old Dutch."

33. *Sir Henry Irving.* Admirable portrait of him as Louis XI. or "Unlimited Loo."

44. *Mlle. Augustine Malville.* She ought to obtain an engagement as "companion" to No. 31.

47. "Cream and Roses." What sort of "cream"? Ahem! state of costume quite sufficient to account for the "roses" on the "young person's" cheeks.

50. Encore Sir HENRY IRVING! Now as "*The Lyons Male*": of course *The Lion*. So like him! "We thought it was IRVING!" as Lord BRANDON THOMAS used to say in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*.

56. "The Red Scarf," or "Looking Back." Portrait of a "Woman with a Past" -el.

62. *The Jester*, with an empty skull. Bitter satire: preserved in oil.

67. *On the Banks of the Turpentine.*

69. A perfect little water-colour, as (76), "Principal (or perhaps Unprincipled) Ballerina," is a perfect pastel.

71. "A Sketch in Reds." A fancy portrait of "La Dame de St. Blaize." It should have been dedicated to Mr. SMAUKER, chairman and president of the Bath Footmen's Club. Permit us the "reference to character":—

"Sorry to keep the fire off you, WELLER," said Mr. TUCKLE, with a familiar nod. "Hope you're not cold, WELLER."

"Not by no means, Blazes," replied SAM. "It'd be a very chilly subject as felt cold wen you stood opposit. You'd save coals if they put you behind the fender in the waitin' room at a public office, you would."

"As this retort appeared to convey rather a personal allusion to Mr. TUCKLE's crimson livery, &c., &c."

The mere sight of picture warmed us to our task, and divesting ourselves of overcoat and wrapper, we continued our inspection in a perfect glow. That is, we would have done so, but this painting by a Reddy Wit in glowing colours only equal to those in which we would describe the entire exhibition, sent us off at high pressure, and though we dipped into No. 90, a 'Thames Creek, so refreshing, so silent and quiet (a noiseless creak,) and though we fain would have lingered over (100), "Sketch of Myself" as



THE LATE RISING IN MOROCCO.

nobody ever saw me, and which ought to have been underlined with BURNS's lines—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ousels as ither see us;"

and should have loved to stand before No. 109, trying to make out who the mysterious "G. B. S." as there portrayed might possibly be, yet were we bound to issue forth into the outer air, readjust our "elegant wrapper," and still with most vivid and inspiriting memories of *The Scarlet Lady* (Heavens! was this the cryptic idea?), to hurry off to lunch. Let us advise all lovers of the Black Art, combined with the White Art, to visit this Gallery, where never will the true connoisseur complain of satiety or want of variety, though 'tis all "*Toujours Perdriz.*"

AWKWARD.

Mr. A., who has recently married for the second time, is assisting his wife to show a book of photographic portraits lying on the table to a little girl on a visit.

Little Girl. Oh! what a beautiful face! Who is it?
Mr. A. (a trifle uncomfortable). That, my dear, is a picture of my first wife. (Continuing hurriedly) She is dead; I don't think you remember her; and (about to turn the page over)—

Little Girl (insisting on keeping the photograph well before her, and appealing enthusiastically to Mrs. A.) Oh! but she's so pretty! What a pity she died! (Turning suddenly to Mr. A.) Isn't it? [She finds herself alone.]

RECENT NEWS EN VOYAGE.—The *Good Hope* seems to be one of the "Ships that pass in the Night." All's well.



Jones (arriving in the middle of the Overture to "Tristan und Isolde"—quite audibly). "WELL, THANK GOODNESS WE'RE IN PLENTY OF TIME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Three Years' War (CONSTABLE), loyally dedicated by its author, General DE WET, "to my fellow-subjects of the British Empire," is unquestionably the book of the year. It pretends, says my Nautical Retainer, to no sort of literary charm, but, what is of still greater value, it gives with eloquent simplicity an immediate record of the most brilliant strategist that the War produced. The actual narrative of events in which the author played his part with such rare intelligence and gallantry is told with an obvious desire for honesty and the avoidance of boastfulness. When he passes beyond facts to the expression of opinion he is liable to show something of the bitterness of the partisan who can see only one side of a question. His comments upon "War against women" take no sort of account of the military necessity imposed upon us by the action of the Boer women in sheltering combatants, conveying information, and concealing ammunition. On certain questions his views differ widely from those of General BOTHA. The blockhouses are declared by DE WET to have been practically useless; by BOTHA (Appendix A) they are described as "likely to prove the ruin of our commandos." Of the purpose of the Boer Delegates in Europe, DE WET emphatically states that they never entertained the idea of European intervention; yet at the Vereeniging meeting (of which the minutes, here reproduced for the first time in English, are of unique interest) BOTHA distinctly refers to the failure of their hopes in this direction.

As a personal history of hazardous enterprise against odds, the book remains the most remarkable of human documents. Mr. SARGENT's frontispiece portrait is a fine achievement; and the volume is produced with that sound workmanship which characterises all Messrs. CONSTABLE'S productions.

To their Highway and Byway Series Messrs. MACMILLAN have added *Highways and Byways in London*. The narrative and description are from the picturesque pen of Mrs. E. T. COOK, the abundant illustrations from the pencils of HUGH THOMSON and F. L. GRIGGS. The book differs in plan from the works of WALTER THORNBURY, JAMES THORNE, and

other tillers of the fruitful field. Whilst not neglecting ancient records and sources of information, Mrs. COOK, having diligently trodden the highways and byways, chats about them in personal and pleasant fashion.

Celebrities and I (HUTCHINSON) opens with some dangerously puerile reminiscences and reflections. Miss HENRIETTE CORKRAN begins her story when she is in the nursery, and it is, naturally, concerned with tarts, jams, and comfits. My Baronet was beginning to get tired of the book when about a third way through he found it grow interesting. Miss CORKRAN, a typical Irishwoman educated in France, has through her life gazed on the world with sharp eyes, on the whole not fully appreciative, or obtrusively friendly. Whilst still in the nursery THACKERAY gave her tarts, and five-franc pieces. So he's all right. But she sees spots on other suns. The habit does not make the book less attractive for others beyond the family circles immediately concerned. Miss CORKRAN has come into contact with a remarkable succession of notable people, and, evidently not being what you would call shy, has made the most of her opportunities of observation. The scrappy chapters are full of vivid pictures, crudely coloured but effective. The description of Mrs. LYNN LINTON, who seems to have been kind to the young girl and taken her about a good deal, and her graphic description of a Sunday evening at WESTLAND MARSTON'S, are fair examples of her talent, taste, and temper. And what do admirers of ROBERT BROWNING think of the discovery made on looking out of the back window at Warwick Crescent of the author of *The Ring and the Book* "nursing a goose, absolutely carrying it in his arms"?

"'Tis a gruesome title," quoth the Baron, meditatively. "What title may that be, an' please you?" inquired a Junior Baronetess. Responded the Baron, frowningly, "Marry, 'tis *'The Woman who went to —'*, a place unmentionable to ears polite, let us say 'to Tartarus,' eh?" "*Compris,*" answered the Baronetess. "Yet 'tis a booklet of gracious aspect." "Ay," returned the Baron, "and of excellent quality, the quantity being limited. Its authoress is DORA SIGERSON, and the work is published by *The de la More Press*

in its up-to-date style, since the motto of the Company can never be "*de la More remains behind!*" *Prosit!*

"So as I weape and wayle and pleade in vaine
While she as steele and flint doth still
remayne."

Those who affect such *amoretti* will find SPENSER's best, and a portrait of the poet to boot, in a pretty little pocket volume of the *York Library* series (BRIMLEY JOHNSON).

Christmas at the Mermaid (no sort of relation to *The Lady from the Sea*), by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON (JOHN LANE) is one of those fragrant "*Flowers of Parnassus*" suitable as a poetic evergreen for the literary button-hole at Christmas. The illustrations by HERBERT COLE make perfect a delightful booklet.

Sir EDWARD REED—so runs the report of the Baron's Assistant—has published a volume of *Poems* (GRANT RICHARDS). Many men less justly celebrated than Sir EDWARD have done the same without any such warrant as he possesses. He has designed mighty ships of war, actual ships with turrets and guns and all that may belong to a ship, and now he sends forth a varied fleet of verses to sail the waters of approval. I drop the metaphor, and beg to declare that there is the real right stuff in these poems. The verse is emphatically good in technique; not only is the voice resonant and manly, but it is the voice of one who has a refined nature and a sensitive ear for melody.

Fairy Fancies and Fun, by EDITH KING-HALL (FOXWELL), with love "to my nephew EDDY," is the Eddy-fying dedication of a dainty little book in a fancifully-decorated cover, containing some quaint conceits, such as might be expected from a clever student of *Alice in Wonderland*. No doubt little Eddy's eddy-assisted will be hereby considerably assisted.

Those who may have read (in various Magazines named in a prefatal note) "several of the tales" which appear in *Tales by Three Brothers* (IBISTER)—the three brothers being Phil, Kay, and Percy Robinson—will, doubtless, be delighted to meet them again in a form which proves that they have the "power to add to their number." The book offers just that sort of "appetiser" to which we can sit down for half an hour on our way "from labour to refreshment."

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.—Mistakes will happen even in the best regulated printing-offices. The *Daily Express* of the 8th inst. waxed merry on page 4



THOSE LOVELY CURLS TOO!

Mother (entering). "WHAT EVER ARE YOU BOYS DOING?"

Bobby. "OH, ON'T PLAYING BARBERS. WILLY'S DONE ME, AND NOW I'M DOING HIM!"

over the following printer's jumble in a Swansea paper:-

"Lady Chesterfield is Lady Hartopp's sister, and Miss Muriel Wilson, who has reigned as a leading beauty for several years, is her cousin, too strong when a half quantity only is used in comparison to other Cocos, a further reduction in the quantity used is advisable."

On page 1 of the same issue of the *Daily Express* there appeared the following:-

"A riotous scene occurred in the French frost clouds to great heat, ended in the wreck of the balloon on touching earth near Marlborough."

Swansea smiled.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

WHEN of coming Christmas Day
Eager children prattle;
When the 'buses all display
Counterfeits of cattle;

In the grate when grateful fires
Glow with greater brightness;
When the surly guard acquires
Suddenly politeness.

When resolves made months ago
You—too late—remember;
These are certain signs to show
That it is December.